Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE PACIFIC

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WE TWO SHALL WIN.

"I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—
Jesus and I.

I cannot row it myself,
My boat on the raging sea;
But beside me sits Another,
Who pulls or steers with me,
And I know that we two
Shall come safe into port—
His child and He.

Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky.
Today so eager and brave,
Tomorrow not caring to try;
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—
Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true,
Crucified once for me!
Never will He change, I know,
Whatever I may be!
But all He says I must do,
Ever from sin to keep free.
We shall finish our course
And reach home at last—
His child and He."

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DR. TORREY CONCERNING THE CHEAP THEATER.

When the Rev. Dr. Torrey was about to leave Fresno, after concluding his recent series of meetings in that city, he was interviewed by a reporter of one of the daily papers, and spoke in part as follows:

"Speaking out of my experience, and that has been very large, I can say that I know of no place where sordid materialism, gross indifference to the real needs of the people, and utter carelessness of real intellectual entertainments, are so apparent as in the city of Fresno. Dancing and the theater seem to be the only ways the people of the town have of amusing themselves.

"And the theater, what is it doing? So far as I can see, nothing, absolutely nothing that could by any stretch of the kindliest imagination be considered uplifting to the general public that pays its money and laughs and giggles at the mimics on the stage. I have been told that the most successful of all the plays that have been produced here this winter was Madame Butterfly, a hideous thing, which exalted and made much of the Geisha girl. Any one who has ever been in Japan knows what the Geisha girl is. I have been there and I know. In this country the general public knows her under another name; but in all countries she is the same; and to exalt her and to make a paragon of her, or a stage heroine, over which silly women weep and equally silly men rave, is little short of extolling the advantages of vice in the most barefaced fashion."

We are glad that Dr. Torrey had the courage to speak as he did concerning the theater. The five and ten-cent theaters in Fresno are a curse to the people of that city, as similar affairs are in many other places in California. We were in Fresno a few months ago and learned from one of the pastors that not a few parents who send their children to the Sunday-schools on Sunday mornings allow them to go to these cheap theaters on Sunday afternoons. It is degrading. And no land can reasonably expect a citizenship that will be a blessing to it where such things are countenanced.

Monday evening, April the 6th, the inauguration of Professor George B. Castor of Pacific Seminary will take place in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. The graduation exercises of the seminary will be on Tuesday, April 7, at 10:30 a. m.

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

By Chas. R. Brown.

More Abundant Life.

"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Life means power to react under stimulus, and the presence of the Spirit of Christ in the heart renders it responsive to a wider range of moral appeal. Life means power to express purpose in action and Christ extends the field of one's activities by the quickening of all the abilities and by the impartation of new strength. Life means power to enter into the joy of fellowship with other lives, and Christ brings the senes of an exalted fellowship as the Christian soul comes into conscious co-operation with Him in the fulfillment of a vast spiritual design.

"Life is what we are alive to," Maltbie Babcock used to say. The man who responds only to the appeals of appetite and pleasure, money getting and outward show, is still dead. We are only alive as the finer appeals of purity, kindness and love, history, poetry and music, flowers, stars and God find us and win a ready response in terms of high aspiration and useful action.

Here is One who is from everlasting to everlasting, eternally young, eternally strong, eternally hopeful; His energies unidminished, unwearied, undaunted by the lapse of time, pledging to us the ministry of that Infinite abundance! He stands ready to give Himself for us and to us, for we are the children of His love—and the end in view is that we have abundant and eternal life.

This divine impartation is a process unretarded, undiminished, by the coming on of age. The youthful energy of body passes, but the life of the Christian soul waxes stronger as the years go. Though the "outward man perish"—it is perishing visibly in many a life here—"the inward man," where faith and hope and love have their home, "is renewed day by day." The color fades from the hair and the cheek, the fire in the eye burns low, but the warmth, the vigor and the beauty of the inner life increase. As the life grows older there comes a new breadth of sympathy, a new kindliness of interest in all forms of moral effort, a new charity for the failures of others and a new hold on the inexhaustible helpfulness of God, which can change failures into victories. The love of youth, manward or Godward, is more intense, but the love of maturity is broad and deep, calm and sweet, yielding to its possessor and to the object of the affection a surpassing satisfaction.

"The children of the Kingdom are the friends of God, building with Him they know not clearly what. They have never known—every unfolding of the divine life within is a surprise. The deep green of summer changes into the brightness of autumn. The sun flames into a sudden glory before his setting, and in that moment of sadness a voice says, 'He shall so come again as ye have seen Him go.' The old forms of life break up and disappear only to reappear with some brighter meaning. Our regrets dissolve into the raptures of coming joy, for we are the children of the Resurrection, destined ever to a more and more abundant life."

Announcement is made on page 15 of the success thus far in the campaign for The Pacific; also what we propose for some time in the future.

THE CONSTANCY OF CHRIST.

By Edward A. Wicher.

Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. John xiii:1.

The constancy of the love of Jesus is here declared. His love is unlike ours in that it does not change when it finds a change.

The disciples, even as they were first called, were no easy objects for their Master's love. They were dull of heart and slow to believe; and that because in entering the service of their Lord they had set their hearts upon personal, worldly advantages.

But still, in spite of what they were, he might have loved them—loved them for what he hoped they would become.

A man can love his friends not only for what they are, but also for what he believes them to be; and a leader can love his followers not only for what they have already achieved, but also for what he hopes they will achieve. He can look around upon the band of new recruits, young, raw, and all untried as yet, and love them. For have they not been animated with his own purpose and gathered to do service for his ideals? And as they respond to his call with shouts of loyalty, he sees in vision the glorious victories they, with him ,shall one day win.

But every earthly leader finds it difficult to love his followers when under the stress of danger, toil and duty they break down and do sordid, false and unlovely deeds. And every man finds it hard to continue to regard as a friend one to whom he has committed the precious secrets of his soul, only to discover later on that they have been despised and profaned.

And the disciples of Jesus were both his followers and his friends. He might indeed love Peter and James and John and the rest, even including Judas, when they were still recent in his service and had not yet disclosed their despicable traits of character. It is true that they were not yet men afer his own heart, but he could hope to train them.

But when they had been with him in all those journevings for those three years,—had seen him in all his ministry of love, had listened to all his gracious words of heavenly wisdom, and then—instead of becoming his loyal, steadfast followers, had planned to turn his work to personal advantage and thus destroy the very cause they had promised to advance, how could Jesus continue to love them!

Jesus knew that the one important interest in the minds of James and John was to profit by their intimacy with himself, and, without the knowledge of the other ten , to get the chief places in his kingdom. And he knew that Peter, in spite of all his lusty assurances of devotion, would become a veritable Satan, and in the face of ridicule and uncertainty, would deny his Master three times. And he knew that Judas, who had been the trusted custodian of his poor-fund, and who, in the presence of his disinterestedness, had become consumed with the love of money, was now waiting his opportunity to sell him to his enemies for thirty pieces of silver. And he knew that the other members of the band would turn and run away as soon as the Roman authorities would apprehend him. So grateful were they for his years of yearning ministry; so responsive were they to his self-disclosure.

Surely he had cast his pearls before swine in order that they should turn again and rend him. He will now surely repent his kindness.

No. Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

"FELLOWSHIP OF THE SPIRIT."

W. N. Burr, Tulare.

"When a man is hungry for spiritual fellowship, for close association with men and women who keenly relish Bible study and who respond quickly to spiritual things, he naturally looks for it among the people of the church; and he might almost as well look somewhere else."

Bruce was physically weary. I saw that the moment he entered my study the other day. And when he dropped into the roomy "Morris" chair and delivered himself of the above complaint, I knew it was because he was "all tired out" that he allowed the complaint to drop from his lips.

"Bruce, you know better," I said, without turning from my desk.

"Of course I know better," he replied; "but that is the way I happen to be feeling just now. I know there are people who delight in spiritual things, and who are responding to the finer teachings of the Spirit, and that such people are almost without exception found in the church; but some of us are placed with churches in which there seems to be so little relisch for spiritual thought and life that we get lonesome and homesick sometimes. About the most lonesome places that I know of for a man who delights in spiritual truth and training are some of our churches."

"Bruce, stop that!" I said with some little emphasis, wheeling about in my desk chair, and facing the tired man. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I know it, and I am ashamed of myself," said he. "I am ashamed of my weakness in permitting my mind to dwell complainingly on a matter of this kind. I feel like crying 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner,' when I realize that I am carrying about a mind filled with criticism and complaint, in the face of the promise that the man shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on God. I know that however much others may be out of the way, I am unhappy just now because I am a little out of the way myself. And I have no desire to offer excuses for being a little out of the way myself. I am ashamed of it. But the fact remains that a man who longs for fellowship with others who delight in the law of the Lord, and who have a passion for the kingdom of God that is akin to the passion of Jesus Christ for that same kingdom, does not always find that fellowship in our churches. There are plenty of sociable Christians in the churches, and chicken-pie Christians, and all sorts of entertainment Christians, and some pretty good finance Christians. But when one hungers for fellowship with Bible-study Christians, with prayer-loving Christians, with 'first-things-first' Christians, he either fails to find them in many churches, or finds so few of them there, that he is obliged to fight hard to down the lonesome feeling."

"Now see here, Bruce," I broke in, "here is a crumb of comfort for you. I've got to do something to steady you a little or you will collapse under the strain of this critical spirit with which you seem to be possessed today. 'The Congregationalist' has been asking representative New England laymen this question: 'How can Congregationalism be made more effective in New

England?' and here is the first answer that is printed: 'First, from the pulpit—a more spiritual and emotional presentation of vital gospel truths and, while with no less intellect, a less reliance upon the intellectual and a good deal more reliance upon the spiritual. A multiplicity of publications feed men's intellects as to the things of this world. They need and hunger for real spiritual strength from the physician of the soul. (2) From the pew—lives that really exemplify the profession of the lips, putting first things first, realizing that the comparatively great Congregational generosity in giving money means little unless the heart and life go with it in self-denying service, and that God can do more through a sanctified manhood and womanhood than through unsanctified millions. (3) A renaissance in the study of the Blessed Book, with heart belief in, and obedience to what it plainly teaches.' "

"Amen!" exclaimed Bruce fervently, as I finished the reading. "It's a comfort to feel the fellowship thrill that comes through that paragraph of printed matter from New England. I am glad they have such men over on the other coast, and I know that we have them here on the Pacific Coast. But still I am troubled for the host of people in our churches who are not in sympathy with 'a good deal more reliance upon the spiritual.' Our churches have in them lots of people who have almost no appreciation of the power of spiritual appeals to reach men and to win them to the Christian life. The idea prevails that the spiritual things of the kingdom must be hidden, and sandwiches and cake, and music, and general sociability must be made the bait with which to catch men. And the result is, too often, that the spiritual things of the kingdom are **kept** hidden, and there seems to be little interest in the church in anything but in the meat that perisheth. Some of our church people have spent so much time in the kitchen preparing bait with which to tickle the palates of "outsiders' that they have lost all taste themselves for the meat that endured unto everlasting life."

"Bruce, would you sell the dishes in the cupboard of the Ladies' Aid Society, and close the church kitchen until the time it may be needed for a meeting-place for the adult Bible class?"

"No, sir," I would not. Neither would I close my Bible and pile up sandwiches all over it so that it could never be seen. Sandwiches have their place; but man cannot live by bread alone, and it is the business of church people to feed **themselves** on the bread of God which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world; and then to place the bread of life before others, that they may get a taste of it, and eat and live. The Master had compassion on the hungry multitude and gladly fed them with the loaves and fishes; but he did not let it end with that. When they came back again the next day for more loaves and fishes he plainly told them that they had a deeper need than their physical hunger, and he spread spiritual food before them, and with all the passion of heaven-born love he invited them to eat of the bread that cometh down from heaven that a man may eat thereof and not die."

"Well, Bruce," said I, "conditions in the churches are as they are, and what are we going to do about it?"

"I am going to have spiritual fellowship with somebody by starting a Bible class for spiritual training if I cannot find more than one other person who will join the class with me. What our churches need is more men and women in them who will say 'I will hear what God the Lord will speak,' and who will listen to catch God's messages instead of walking under the lead of their own opinions. Do you remember what George Bowen says about all this?

" 'How many fancy that they are harkening to God's word, while all the time they are only harkening to their own heart's lust. Half a dozen pages would contain all their Bible—theirs truly, not God's. It is impossible to hear what God the Lord will speak while a thousand vain voices are allowed to have thy attention. There is too much noise in thine own heart for thee to hear. Thou art too much busied about thine own will to become acquainted with the will of God. The Lord will not lead thee by thy right hand while another leads thee by the left.' "

DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN at HARTFORD SEMINARY.

By Howard Arnold Walter.

Hartford Seminary students were afforded a rare treat during the week of March 1-8, by the presence in their midst of Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, not two weeks away from his parish of Westminster in London. In addition to speaking nightly in one of the churches of the city, and meeting on two occasions with the ministers of Hartford and vicinity, under the auspices of the seminary, Dr. Morgan conducted two conferences for the students exclusively.

On the first afternoon he spoke, by request of the faculty, upon his work at Westminster, to our eyes an achievement, under God, in the rejuvenation of a moribund church in its way unexcelled in Christian annals. First the church was graphically pictured as it was when the alternative was presented to Dr. Morgan in this country, of accepting the call or of seeing the church, at a strategic center of London life, sold out of existence. This "forlorn hope" consisted of a church building seating 2,500 souls, with a morning attendance of 30, an evening attendance of 100, and nothing else, save traditions of the past. Dr. Morgan accepted the call and trust as a "protest against the abandonment of the down-town church" and, with his life-long friend, Rev. Albert Swift, he went to work to make Westminster Chapel a center for preaching the Word, for building up a church and for uplifting the neighborhood through parish work.

At the start he determined upon three things, (1). The money should be raised by straight giving—no bazaars and concerts; and the church has never been in debt. (2). It must be a missionary church, and in order to accomplish this a distinctively missionary sermon was preached on a Sunday evening once a month, with the result that there are now a number of missionaries on the field, and a tenth of all the income of the church, independent of personal giving, goes to the mission cause. (3). He must have an adequate staff, consisting now of himself, his associate, an evangelist and twelve visiting sisters.

Dr. Morgan then spoke successively of the Sunday morning and evening services, the Bible school, and the Sunday-school. At the Sunday morning service, he remarked, to the astonishment of his under-

graduate hearers, that he had been preaching for three years from the Gospel of Matthew, without interruption save in his absence. The Sunday evening services comprise more general preaching, usually evangelistic and frequently followed by an after meeting. The membership of the church has steadily arisen from 60 to 800, despite the fact that the roll is revised every three months, that a probation of three months devoted to Christian culture is required of prospective members, and that membership is not as a rule transferred to Westminster from any church within a radius of two miles. At the weekly Friday night Bible school, where Dr. Morgan has lectured for three years on the plans of the books of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, the attendance has grown from 500 to 2,000, of whom 2 out of 3 are men. Dr. Morgan and his assistants have carried this work out to other centers so that now he has himself 24,000 enrolled in his Bible classes. The Sunday-school now numbers 800 in its three departments and requires of all teachers that they attend the weekly normal class and give time and earnest attention to the work. Various institutional clubs have sprung up in connection with the classes, but the impulsion is always outward from within the school, in loyalty to Dr. Morgan's fundamental postulate that the institutions must grow out of the church, since the reverse is impossible, that mere institutions grouped together can ever create a church. Thus the great work is going on, as always it must when there is the living Evangel of the Cross, a population upon which to work, and methods of work adapted to the environment.

Having as a background in our minds this potent example of a church builded in a parish which included the Houses and many of the members of Parliament, on the one hand, and one of the blackest of London's slums, on the other, we were led to consider, in Dr. Morgan's second lecture, the **content** of that ministry whose practical workings we had witnessed. The speaker began by exegeting the word "scribe" in Matt. 7:29, and then urged that the minister to-day should be pre-eminently the scribe, the moral interpreter to men of the will and purpose of God. The **method** is to affect the circumferences the Christ, in his particular neighborhood.

The **mission** is the establishment of the kingdom of God. The **method** is to affect the circumferences from the centers always—individual man to the church (from the church to the world. The first and final business of the preacher is to constrain (for even God can never compel) the wills of men.

The **conditions** for the office of scribe were next considered, and the chief of these was shown to be experiential knowledge. "The measure in which I set up the kingdom around me is the measure of it in my own life." We must follow the King by the way of the cross to power and empire, through self-crucifixion out into the larger life.

Finally, in his **application**, Dr. Morgan sounded the note of the oneness of the kingdom, and the identity of the message, linked with adaptation of method. The one thing we must do is to "get men into touch with God in submission to His throne by the way of the cross of Christ".

A word must be added regarding the conference with ministers on Thursday afternoon when in passionate, yet guarded, utterance, Dr. Morgan spoke out of the fulness of his heart, trenchantly and yet tactfully, his deepest convictions concerning the church and the ministry of to-day. None that heard his message will ever forget it wholly. Following upon what he had said on Monday of the active ministry of the church herself and the sanctification of the clergy, ideally, Dr. Morgan frankly sketched the situation as his own eyes view it to-day. With convincing candor he characterized the general attitude of the world of our time as indifference, of the church as passionateness, of the ministry as uncertainty, and he confessed that the dark picture brought him at times almost to despair. Coming to the positive note of his theme, he asked if in this age of transition, of re-adjustment, there is any authoritative message which the Christian clergy can preach. We were told that there is, and that the eternal truths which comprise it are all that the world really needs, and that without them the ministry must fail. It is not theology but religion which the world, broken-hearted in all its indifference, is hungering after: and these two facts, with great variety of language, the ministry must preach, that man is a sinner, and that Jesus Christ can save. Dr. Morgan added as necessary for himself, faith in the Bible as a revelation of God's purposes with men, and a belief in Jesus, as One lifted above the level of mere humanity. Above the darkness of present day conditions in the world, the church, and the ministry, there is visible the flush of a new dawning in the Eastern sky, and there is great and glorious work to be done by those who will labor with him for the coming of his kingdom.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

Books are friends which every man may call his own. * * * They can be relied on, whoever else, or whatever else may fail.—Langford, in **The Praise of Books.**

"The Representative Women of the Bible." By George Matheson. All who have read any of the previous volumes by the late Dr. Matheson, Scotland's gifted and far-famed blind preacher, will welcome this his last work. The author tells us in the preface what he means by the words, "the representative women of the Bible: "By the representative women of the Bible I mean, not the women who represent the Bible, but those women of Scripture who are types of female qualities represented in all time. Fifteen of these types have been protrayed, and as no quality has been repeated, this represents a considerable number of individuals." Accordingly we have from this richly-stored mind: Eve the Unfolded. Sarah the Steadfast, Rebekah the Far-seeing, Rachel the Placid, Miriam the Gifted, Deborah the Drastic, Ruth the Decided, Hannah the Pious, Mary the Guiding, and Mary the Thought-Reading. (A. C. Armstrong & Son. New York; pages 269; $1.50 net.)

"The Beliefs of Unbelief." By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D. This is a timely and valuable book. The author says in his opening chapter, which is on "The New Unbelief," "The world sees today an unbelief of a new type: vague, loitering, evasive, and strangely contented. 'Christianity,' it whispers, is, if not untrue, at least unnecessary: life can be lived well enough without it.' It is a mood untouched by any disquieting sense of ethical responsibility." Further

it is said: "The choice of the soul does not lie in the last analysis betwixt belief and doubt; but betwixt rival forms of belief. If the Christian creed is not accepted, there emerge certain alternative beliefs perfectly definite in character, one or other of which must take its place. For the temple of the human soul cannot be left empty, swept, and garnished. Some tenant must come! Men are unwilling to see the inevitable and underlying affirmations of doubt; the dark alternatives to faith, from which there is no escape; they try, as we have said, to keep the Christian solution of the great problems of duty, while rejecting axioms on which the solution is built. But no attempt is more certainly predoomed to defeat. These papers are an attempt to define and assess what may be called the positives of doubt; the strange beliefs which lurk under the mask of unbelief. Faith suffers —and rightly suffers—incessant challenge for its credentials. But let us stop for a moment to consider what are the credentials of doubt. The fight has hitherto raged around the evidences of religion; it is surely time to ask what are the evidences of irreligion. The Christian faith has its difficulties, it may frankly be admitted; but let the question be seriously considered; What are the difficulties of the alternatives to faith?" The book is divided into three parts as follows: The Alternative to Belief in God, The Alternatives to Belief in Christ, The Alternatives to Faith in Christ, The Bible—under the latter being, The Christian Faith about the Bible, and the Alternatives to Christian Faith about the Bible. We quote a paragraph: "When anyone undertakes to prove that Christ did not exist two thousand years ago he may well be asked to attempt a feat much nearer at hand. Let him prove that he does not exist today. Shakespeare touched, and still touches, only one realm of human life. Christ touches all races and generations. Time, for him, has no arresting force; space has no separating power. We know that he exists as we know that there is a force like gravitation or an energy like electricity. The pull of every atom of matter proves the one; the tinkle of every telephone bell is witness of the other. This, in the last analysis, is the supreme evidence of the existence of Christ. His hand is visibly on the world's life today. There are myriads of living men and women who know that he touches their sin to rebuke it, their grief to comfort it, their conscience to quicken it. He is working these miracles now, exactly as he did in the days of his flesh two thousand years ago; the only difference is that today his miracles are wrought in spiritual terms." (Eaton & Mains, New York; also Jennings & Graham, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.; $1.25 net.)

"Life of George Matheson." By D. MacMillan, D.D. One turns the pages of this biography with thorough satisfaction. Blind, from his boyhood, Dr. Matheson was one of the most remarkable men that the 19th century produced. He was a great preacher and author, and his books have been of untold comfort and help to thousands of people all around the world. "Leaves for Quiet Hours" and "Rests by the River", are two which we should like to see in every home. It is surprising that one blind from early years could accomplish all that Dr. Matheson accomplished. But his memory was phenomenal. His biographer tells us that he could quote by the page not merely the Bible, which he is supposed to have had by heart, but any book in which he was interested, however sound or volatile. It is said in this biography. There was to Matheson not only a Divine purpose in the universe and in human life, but a purpose that was intelligible to the mind and appealed to the heart. In the light of it, all things became new. The dark problems of existence, the calamities of life, the vicissitudes and trials, the sufferings and sorrows of mortal existence, yea, even death itself, yielded up their mystery to the Christian ideal. As seen through it, every effort of the human mind and spirit, and the searchings and strivings of natural religion, were seen to be but developments and stages in the realization of the world plan. The rise and fall of nations—in fact, the course of civilization as a whole—but illustrated the truth which had now been revealed to him. The Christian religion itself, in one sense the goal, was in another the beginning. It revealed in full measure what had always been in the mind of the Eternal. Its broken creeds contained fractions of the truth, and in place of being anathema one to another they ought to regard each other with the charity which believeth all things. It was thus that Matheson could gather them all together. His intellectual and moral sympathy embraced each church, and extended the hand to every form of Christian faith; indeed, it could reach out to those religions that are regarded as natural, for he saw in them foreshadowings of those truths which were revealed when the times were ripe. He thus became the great reconciler of his age, and did for his own generation what Robertson of Brighton accomplished for his." We are not surprised at finding on the closing pages of this book such words as these: "Glasgow was proud of him while he was in life and it will ever cherish his memory in death." And this also: "Long and appreciative notices of him appeared in almost every newspaper in England and in Scotland, indeed throughout the British Empire and America. Special references were made to him from almost every pulpit in his native land on the Sunday after his death; and by an unanimous desire, his famous hymn was sung on the same day by most congregations." That hymn alone,—

> "O Love that wilt not let me go,
> I rest my weary soul in Thee:
> I give Thee back the life I owe,
> That in Thine ocean depths its flow
> May richer, fuller be.—

Would have made forever enduring upon the earth the memory of George Matheson. (H. C. Armstrong and Son, New York; pages 369, $2 net.)

"Erasmus: The Scholar." By John Alfred Faulkner. This is another of the volumes in the **"Men of the Kingdom"** series—several of which have been noticed in our columns during the last few months. This, as well as other volumes, is to be commended. In the opening chapter the author answers the question. What was the Renaissance? and shows where it meets us in Erasmus who united all the culture of the Italian with some genuine traits of Northern piety. On the closing pages of this book, written last year, We find these words: "It is three hundred and seventy-one years this very day since our aged scholar of seventy left this troubled life. But, as W. H. Hutton says, no scholar the world has ever

known is so sure of immortality. More and more with every passing year, whether we will or no, his ashes still rule us from their urn. More and more the Erasmian spirit is coming to its own." Nevertheless, the author says: "If the Reformers had all been Erasmians, we would never have had the Reformation. The Council of Trent proved that the Church of Rome was irreformable, that the scholastic theology, in which her monstrous abuses were rooted, was her ground and rock. That council was the amplest vindication of Luther, and the complete discrediting of Erasmus, **as a Reformer.** That Christ is not only Lord and Example (Erasmus), but chiefly savior (Luther), and that the road to him is by faith alone—it is that which has made the modern Christian world." (Jennings and Graham, Cincinnati; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal., $1.00 net.)

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Great Temperance Meeting.

Our Coast's greatest temperance meeting conceived among the fragrant redwoods at Mount Hermon, which, if redwoods can mourn, weep over the ruthless and cruel spoliation of their comrades in Sempervirens Park, the California Redwood Park, which the people taxed themselves to pay $250,000 for,—this great assembly met March 17-18-19, in Christian Science Hall, San Francisco. It was not a Prohibiton party meeting though, every sentiment was cheered to the echo. It was not a W. C. T. U. meeting though these blessed and brave women prayed in pews and graced the platform. It was not an anti-saloon meeting, though stalwart men of that great movement were in evidence and the eloquent Dr. Chapman twice recived the ovation he has so richly earned. We were all Protestants against the saloon and tremendously Catholic towards the priests and parsons who met on the patriotic platform that this country cannot endure if only half of it be sober.

San Francisco never saw such a meeting. It was not attracted by cheap board, the chance for junketing, or reduced fares. That splendid and tireless Mt. Hermon Master of Assemblies, Hugh Gilchrist engineered it, and stalwart Secretary McCoy was efficient Chairman of Business Committee. No one church paid so much for it as the Christian Science Society, who gave the large bill to our cause which will not always be lost on our list of benevolences, but ought and will come to its own beside our Standard Missionary causes. San Francisco is not an easy field for temperance work, but the note of coming victory sounds in the air and from now on to the day of triumph, a really great cause will draw great and greater crowds.

Splendid Speaking

Like Sumner, Beecher, and Wendell Phillips blazing for liberty, our speakers were on fire with their theme.

Drs. Jordan and Charles R. Brown were at their best. Their eyes flashed; our hearts beat. Why do not advocates of harmless and nutritious beer bring on such advocates, that we may hear them.

Doctor Dille led a conference which he eloquently prefaced. Never a moment's doubt as to where this veteran stands who wields a bishop's influence, if not a bishop's hand.

Bishop Hamilton, too, poured out the sparkling lime of his eloquence without froth.

Doctor Leornard Stocking witnessed how alcohol fills Agnews with victims of a more cruel sorrow than an earthquake.

Father Terence Caraher flamed as he championed the cause of men and women, boys and girls followed close to the doors of his church by the execrable minions of rum. There's a hugeness and momentum about this splendid priest which almost distances the expert utterances of our professional temperance advocates. How a Christian's heart goes out to him! What depths of brotherliness respond to him when in the fullness of his Christ-loving heart he says, in commencing to speak, "Dear brethren in the ministry."

A like discovery to many of us was young Father Philip O'Ryan, the leader of fourteen thousand young Knights of the Cross. Consider what their ballots will do when this great question comes up for settlement, as come it will. Foxiness of political management will not always outwit the will of the American people. The atmosphere of this great meeting, of which I jot down but a faint hint or two, was amazingly like that of anti-slavery meetings of my boyhood.

My father voted for liberty when the party numbered but five thousand, and even the name of the candidate slips me. Winfield Scott and Fremont went to political defeat. But Lincoln!

There'll be great speaking when our cause comes up, as come it will. General apathy will be escorted to the rear and, from the home-loving and the boy-loving, and the girl-protecting chivalric souls, it will be, as Charles Brown said: "Good to live." Watch the city meetings Brother Gilchrist plans at Mt. Hermon. Go there to plan and pray. It is a sweet solitude like the mountain side Christ frequented.

Judge Samuel R. Artman.

This sane, serene and sagacious statesman from Indiana charmed the convention by his modesty, his simplicity, and his strength.

Carrying us back in thought to the moral foundation of our republic, to the righteousness of the cause that separated us from England and bound us together for our comomn good, it seemed no sham either on our intelligence or our reason to claim that no legality could inhere under our constituion to any sore hurt to the nation.

From the dictum, "A moral wrong cannot become a legal right," it was not a far cry to "The saloon is not a business, but a crime." Though quibbling lawyers and unbaked reformers stickle over this, the Indiana battle cry will some day land a stalwart statesman in the White House.

I think Taft could get there on that issue now. But I am not a slatemaker—only a humble harvester of a few stray acorns.

I remembered hearing in my boyhood of a great man in Washington, a judge who wrote a Supreme Court opinion, "The negro has no rights a white man is bound to respect."

Sumpter and Appotomax, and Gettysburg, and the Emancipation proclamation, and all that! So the barking about the brave and godly young judge will

quiet down when a greater and united Supreme Court shall decree "The saloon is not a business but a crime."

Brethren, hear the good judge if he comes your way.

If you can make the Blossom Festival Saturday, March 28th, you can hear him there. God's saints, sooner or later, see and hear all the sons of God.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHURCH FEDERATION.

S. C. Patterson.

About eighteen months ago there was organized in this city a so-called Church Federation—in fact, it was not a Church Federation, but a Federation of church-men. Any male member of an evangelical church of the city could join on signing the roll and paying an annual fee of 50 cents. This organization did some good work but was not wholly satisfactory in its nature. It was desired to have some authority back of the organization. The desire culminated in the appointment of a committee to prepare some plan of re-organization. After earnest deliberation it unanimously reported in favor of organizing a Church Federation on the lines of the New York City Federation.

This report was adopted, and a committee on constitution and organization appointed, consisting of one person from each denomination represented. Monday evening, March 9th, a special meeting was called and the committee reported.

The constitution presented was accepted with a few minor changes and the San Francisco Church Federation born, and at the close of this meeting the old Federation dissolved.

The preamble to the constitution reads:

"Whereas, in the providence of God the time has come when it seems fitting more fully to manifest the essential oneness of the Christian churches of San Francisco in Jesus Christ as their divine Lord and Saviour, and to promote the spirit of fellowship service and co-operation among them, the delegates to the conference on Church Federation recommend the adoption of the following constitution."

The object of the Federation is stated thus:

"To promote the fellowship and effective co-operation among the churches and Christian workers of San Francisco, in order to evangelize systematically and thoroughly the city, to bring their united influence to bear on moral issues, to co-ordinate the Christian and benevolent activities of the community and to accomplish other appropriate ends."

The membership is composed of:

The pastor and two members from each church accepting the preamble and constitution, together with one additional delegate for each fifty members. Also the chief executive and one delegate of each society, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, etc. And churches or other religious organizations desiring to be associated in the Federation's general work without necessarily endorsing the Christian basis, such may become associate members with a voice, but no vote.

The standing committees are:

Evangelistic, civic righteousness, industrial and social, moral reform, interdenominatonal enterprises, extension and comity, parishing and canvassing; also special committees as the occasion requires.

The delegates from the churches form a council which shall meet on the fourth Monday of each month for the transaction of business. The officers elected are: Rev. H. H. Bell, D.D., pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church; first vice-president, J. E. White, Esq., a member of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church; second vice-president, F. W. Gale, C. S. D., the First Church of Christ Scientist; secretary, Rev. L. J. Sawyer, pastor of Hamilton Square Baptist Church; treasurer, Prof. S. Sturgis, member of the First Christian Church.

Considerable discussion was caused on the acceptance of the preamble and constitution by the Christian Science Church, which sent a strong delegation. This church had been very active in the old organization, but some thought it should not be in the new Federation. But to the surprise of many, its delegates unequivocally, as far as words are concerned, accepted and subscribed to the preamble. There was nothing to do but accept the church putting the responsibility upon it.

Much is hoped from its organization, but its success will depend upon the co-operation of the churches. At present almost every evangelical denomination is represented, and there seems to be a spirit of strong of co-operation. There was a good Episcopal delegation at the meeting, and Dr. Clampett, rector of Trinity Church, made an effective speech for retaining the preamble, when a motion was made to reject it. Over one hundred men were present and the spirit of fellowship was exhilerating and refreshing.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Last week we made mention of the address before ministers of San Francisco and vicinity by Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. The last number of of The Pacific Unitarian contained the following sketch:

"Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who will lecture or preach for many of our churches on this coast in March, from San Diego to Bellingham, is one of the best-known Unitarian ministers in the Middle West. He was born in Wales in 1843; came to America in infancy; was reared on a Wisconsin farm; served three years in the union army, and then entered the Meadville Theological School, from which he graduated in 1870. After that he served the Unitarian Church at Janesville, Wis., for nine years, and was also secretary of the Western Unitarian conference for nine years—the most vigorous ones perhaps in its whole history. He also organized and was secretary of the Western Unitarian Sundayschool Society; and in 1878 assisted in establishing Unity, of which he has been editor for nearly thirty years. Since 1882 he has been minister of All Souls' Church, in Chicago. He was secretary of the World's Fair Parliament of Religions in 1893, and organized the American Congress of Liberal Societies, which aimed to bring together the liberal elements in many churches. He has never been a narrow denominationalist, but has done much to broaden his own denomination and bring it into relation with others. He has been an indefatigable apostle of the application of religion to the affairs of today in reforms, good government, good literature, and education. In this extension of his pulpit voca-

tion, he has been for years one of the University of Chicago's Extension Lecturers in English. The crowning achievement of his life he considers the establishment of Lincoln Center, a substantial six-story building in Chicago, which not only houses his church and its allied organizations, but is designed to be the focus for that part of the city of everything making for the higher life of the people. His visit will be sure to bring stimulus and inspiration."

MISSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Christian Endeavor Topic for March 29th.

By Albert W. Palmer.

Are Protestant Missions Desirable? At the outset the question may occur to thoughtful people: Why send missionaries to the Philippines at all? The Roman Catholic church is in possession there; why not leave to that great branch of the church the missionary problem of those islands while we Protestants turn our attention to the unevangelized millions of Africa, India and China? There are three considerations which seem to me to justify the presence of Protestant missionaries:

* * * * *

(1) **Value of Competition.** The Roman Catholic church always maintains higher standards in the face of Protestant competition. Compare Roman Catholic ideals and practices in Italy or Mexico with the ideals and practices of the same church in the United States. As one travels from Naples northward through Europe one is impressed by the fact that as the presence of Protestantism becomes a more powerful competing factor the Roman Catholic churches seem to become cleaner and their accent on preaching and teaching more pronounced. The Roman Catholic church in the Philippines needs Protestant competition. I suppose that Ultimate Universal Church for which we pray will combine the best elements of both Catholicism and Protestantism. Probably we are not perfect! But that Ultimate Church can come only as we each give forth the best within us, trusting to future generations to choose the best from all and

> "Build the Universal Church,
> Lofty as is the love of God
> And ample as the wants of man."

That our Roman Catholic brethren are feeling the effects of competition is shown by the fact that recently nine newly ordained priests left a Catholic missionary college in London for service in the Philippines, and the money for the journey and outfit was secured in America. A sum of $5,000 was asked for, and in a few weeks over $7,000 was received. I think Paul would say, "Christ is proclaimed; and therein I rejoice."

* * * * *

(2) **Philippino Prejudice Against Catholicism.**—The second reason justifying Protestant missionary work is the prejudice of a large element of the native population against the Roman church as represented by the Friars who sided with the Spanish Government, and used great landed interests in such a way as to reap a harvest of unpopularity. An independent native church has sprung up, and there is a remarkable readiness to receive other forms of Christianity untained by the record of the Friars.

* * * * *

(3) **Pagan and Mohammedan Elements.**—In the third place, the Philippines contain a large Pagan and Mohammedan population practically untouched by the Catholic church. So the Philippines seem to present a proper and promising field for missionary work conducted in the love of humanity, "with charity for all and malice toward none."

* * * * *

Work of Other Denominations.—Other denominations are in advance of us. The Episcopalians have been notably successful in establishing their missions under the wise leadership of Bishop Brent. The Methodists and Baptists have strong and well organized work going on, and the Presbyterians have eight vigorous stations, in one of which 600 converts were baptized last year. The rapid development of missions in the Philippines is shown by the fact that, while seven years passed before one convert was made in Japan or China, in the Philippines, six years after the landing of the first Protestant missionary, the Presbyterians alone report seventeen churches with 4,127 communicants, and a gain last year of 37 per cent!

* * * * *

The American Board Mission.—Our own American Board has one mission with two out-stations at Davao, in Mindanao, one of the southernmost islands. It was founded in 1903 and is in charge of Rev. and Mrs. Robert F. Black. Conditions are hard, as the surrounding population is largely Mohammedan and not as responsive as the natives farther north who have Christian tendencies but are prejudiced against the Roman church. Other obstacles are the opposition of the Catholics, and the presence of non-Christian Americans and Europeans. Nevertheless our missionaries are hopeful, and find doors opening on every side. The work has been greatly strengthened by sending out just recently a medical missionary, Dr. Charles T. Sibley, and his wife, who is a trained nurse. The medical work promises to be especially useful in removing the prejudice and distrust of the somewhat fanatical Mohammedan portion of the population. Dr. Sibley left a growing practice to consecrate his life to this work, and is being supported by the Mindanao Medical Association, an organization of New York men who are soon toprovide him with a hospital. The pictures of Dr. and Mrs. Sibley appear in the Missionary Herald for February.

"HELP! HELP!"

Mamie's in the factory,
Annie's in the store,
Bridget will not worry
With housework any more.

Mollie's in a sweat-shop,
Kate's in a manicure;
No one scrubs or washes.
Wages are no lure.

Maggie's an apprentice,
Flossie's making mats,
And that is why we're living
'Most all of us in flats.

—Puck.

AN OCCASION OF FINE FELLOWSHIP.

Seventy-one persons were in attendance at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, last Monday, in the Fourth Church of Oakland—the invitation for that day being to ministers and their wives.

The meeting was in its features a special one—being in the nature of a reception to those soon to take departure from our midst, some for a few months or a year perhaps, one indefinitely—the Reverends George C. Adams, C. R. Brown, I. C. Meserve, C. S. Nash and W. H. Hopkins.

The Rev. F. H. Maar's hearty welcome, and his loving words of appreciation of these brethren about to go from us for a time, gave tone to the gathering; and as the various speeches led the thought backward and forward, all felt that it was good to be there.

Apt words were uttered from time to time concerning these brethren by Professor Buckham as he called on them to speak, after remarks by Dr. McLean, who concluded with the words, "God love you, God bless you, God rest you!"

We shall not run the risk of spoiling—by an attempt to report—the appropriate remarks, and loving tributes uttered around the lunch tables during that hour of fellowship and good cheer. They will linger long in the memories of all who were there. All may be summarized, however, in the remarks of the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks, who just as the close arose and said in substance:

I do not rise to make a speech, but to propose a toast in which we all can join—a toast to an ecclesiastical statesman, whose broad vision and patient devotion make him worthy to bear the name Charles Sumner;—to our great preacher, certainly one of the greatest preachers in the denomination, whose genius has made the Gospel real to a multitude of common people, vital to a large body of students in our great universities and at Mills, whose deep and intelligent sympathy has made the Gospel attractive to a great body of workingmen; to our great pastor, one of the heroes in Congregational history who has twice brought one of our most important churches to its resurrection; once from the slough of despond, once from the tongue of fire; to our good friend, whose international experience in two metropolitan pulpits, in New Haven, and in the world's metropolis, London, has equipped him for the valuable work he has accomplished and is to accomplish in San Francisco; to our Saint Francis, whose quiet, gentle charms and fine Christian culture have made him, while among us, pre-eminently the disciple whom we have loved;—to these five men and to their wives, whose quiet and unheralded help has been so large a factor in their successes—a good voyage, prosperity, health and happiness and a safe return!

It will be of interest, doubtless for our readers to know that Dr. and Mrs. Adams plan to start on the 9th of May on a trip around the world, going first to Japan and China, being absent about fifteen weeks; that Mr. and Mrs. Brown will take departure for the East in May and will sail soon thereafter for London, where they will spend considerable of the six months alloted them; that Dr. and Mrs. Meserve will attend the International Congregational Council at Edinburgh, Scotland, and will spend also some time in London where Dr. Meserve was a pastor for several years, and where they will be the guests of that noted Congregational layman, Mr. Albert Spicer, returning to San Francisco in about four months from the time of their departure; that Professor and Mrs. Nash will go also to the International Council, and will in all probability spend a year abroad; that Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins will go next Monday to Albany, New York, to enter on the work of the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church.

All who go are of opinion that nowhere else is there so fine an opportunity, for the investment of one's life as here by the Golden Gate, and all expect to return ere long except the St. Francis of the group whose work is now to be in the Empire State.

Among the Churches.

California.

Guerneville.—The Rev. E. Hoskins resigned the pastorate at Guerneville recently. The Russian River Advertiser says: "We regret to have to announce that Rev. E. Hoskins, pastor of the Congregational Church, will not reconsider his decision to resign his charge and to retire, along with his good wife, to his home on Beulah Heights, near Oakland, at the end of the present month. Mr. Hoskins has labored long and faithfully in our midst, and while he has endeared himself to the members of his congregation, he has also earned the esteem and respect of the whole community. We hope he will find in his retirement the full measure of contentment and happiness he is entitled to as a reward for the good work he has accomplished during his long, eventful career. Rev. Enoch E. Chakurian, who has been pastor of the Congregational Church in Kenwood, will succeed him. Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins will take their departure on March 31st, and Rev. Chakurian, accompanied by his wife and child, will arrive April 15th. It is probable that Rev. W. L. Jones will occupy the pulpit in the interim."

Heber, Imperial Valley.—The little church here, under care of Robert L. Glasby, although only four months old, seems to have the seal of God upon it. It has just received $75 worth of chairs to make its congregation more comfortable. The pastor still uses a cracker box for a pulpit, but his wife has a new organ stool to take the place of the canteloupe crate upon which she has been sitting with much trepidation for several months. The creaking of this canteloupe crate was really quite tragic at times, giving the pastor much anxiety lest the organist and crate both disappear into a state of collapse in the midst of a solemn hymn. These are only trifles in the life of a pioneer worker. The work of Heber seems to be founded upon a substantial basis. One strong feature is a men's praver-meeting every Thursday night. Can any of the larger churches support a real live men's prayer-meeting? There's one down here on the desert and its the joy of the pastor's heart. Several members of our Sabbath-school walk six miles on the dusty desert road. Three of these are city girls, but they have caught the spirit of the work. May the readers of The Pacific remember the work at Heber before the Throne of Grace.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be addressed by Professor Howison of the University of California on "The Relation of Pragmatism to Theology."

The Rev. J. S. Chandler, for many years an American Board missionary in India, is en route again to his field of labor, and will be at the home of Mrs. S. Burroughs at 664, 57th street, Oakland for a few days previous to his departure by steamer. He will be available for addresses the first two Sundays in April and during the interim.

The Rev. Huber Burr of Weaverville sent in ten new subscribers last week. That is good for Weaverville! Three additional names came from the Rev. Mr. Hambleton of Sebastopol, and two from the Rev. N. C. Gause of San Francisco. One each was received from several other sources, but as we write this note hurriedly just as the paper is going to press there is no time to specify further this week.

Two of the Earl lectures, Pacific Theological Seminary, were given by President Faunce of Brown University this week. They were on The Attitude of the Ministry Toward New Truth; and The Contribution of the School to Church and State. One will be given next Monday evening on Gains and Losses in Modern Education. Tuesday evening the topic will be, Modern Uses of Ancient Scripture. Friday evening, The Humanizing of Study. On Tuesday of the following week the topic will be, The Need of Ethical Leadership.

We quote from a letter received from the Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga: "When the Woman's Home Missionary Union Executive Committee met at Professor Nash's pleasant Berkeley home last fall Mrs. Williams said to them as she left the hospitable table, "Ladies, you are all to be my guests next Blossom Day." I have never forgotten it. It will be a sacred pleasure to my daughter and me to meet as many of Mrs. Williams' friends as will come to Three Oaks and heartily to supplement their basket lunches. As we look for judge Artman and wife of Indiana as guests, our beverages will be of a harmless character. We will hope to show many of our friends the snowy beauty of the world-famous Glen Una orchard. It will be easy to think and talk of Resurrection with myriad hints of it all about us.

'Thus may we walk with her and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance of her though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.'
Aloha! Aloha Nui!"

UPPER BAY ACTIVITY.

The Congregational churches of the Upper Bay Association move quietly forward. The semi-annual meeting takes place at Martinez in May, and a particularly good time is expected, for Pastor Banham and his good people know how to entertain.

At the C. E. Convention of the Contra Costa county societies which met at Concord last week, five of our eight Upper Bay Congregational ministers were present and took an active part.

Sunday evening, the 15th, the Black Diamond Church suspended services, and with the pastor and over forty of the people, went to Antioch to worship.

Dr. and Mrs. Cull of the Antioch Church, with their people, extended a most hearty welcome to the visiting church. Dr. Cull preached a strong sermon, and the bonds of fellowship existing between the two neighboring churches were riveted closer than before. "For all ye are brethren."

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The March meeting of our Woman's Home Missionary Union was a memorial service in memory of Mrs. Frances L. Williams. A beautiful and impressive service and loving tributes from seventeen friends, far and near, formed a beautiful word picture, complete in its delineation of the chacacter of one whose life was so filled with the grace and truth of the indwelling Christ, that having "walked with God" here, He as now taken her to Himself.

None knew her but to love her. No one who has ever come in touch with her will ever forget her. No one has ever taken or can ever take her place to those who have called her friend. A rare woman, the open secret of whose life was love. The love of God was so shed abroad through her, upon and into many lives, that it has made life lighter, brighter, sweeter, purer, truer, braver and stronger for hundreds of every class and condition of people and life eternal more to be desired.

The impressiveness of this memorial service lies in the fact that the possibility of such a life has been made so real, and in the question, will we so follow on in the way she went that when we meet her at its close, she can greet us with a sunny smile of approval, or must it be with a look of disappointment and sorrow because we failed to make the necessary effort?

Anything less than a full report of the meeting must be very inadequate, but no tribute could be so sweet to her as to have the work she loved taken up with new zeal and consecration for the sake of the Master she served so loyally.

L. E. A.

March 19th, 1908.

HOME MISSIONS IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The superintendent sends out this last word concerning Home Missionary offerings. It is hoped that every one of the forty churches in Northern and Central California, whose offerings have not yet been received at the office (March 23rd), as well as those from which partial returns have been received, will not only make a generous offering for Home Missions, but also see that offerings from church, Sunday-school or C. E. society are sent to the superintendent's office by April 1st, so that these amounts may be credited on the fiscal year of the society, closing March 31st. It is not intended to keep the books open beyond the first Sunday of April. The important thing, after making an offering, is to forward it promptly to the superintendent's office. Will parties responsible do this important thing?

SUMMER OUTING AND CONFERENCE AT PARADISE.

Readers of The Pacific will be interested to learn that arrangements are already being made to utilize the large school building of the Paradise Polytechnic Institute, at Paradise, Butte county, as a vacation retreat for Congregationalists and their friends, during the summer months of 1908. The aim is to combine recreation and good-fellowship in this beautiful and healthful region.

The all-day meeting of the ministers at Berkeley, on Monday, March 2nd, to discuss the subject of the Paradise Institute, created a desire on the part of nearly everyone present to gain a glimpse of Paradise. It is comparatively easy of access, the railway fare being about half of what it is to Tahoe, and the region possesses many picturesque attractions which have been but little explored. It is thought that a first-class boarding-place here, conducted not for profit, but for the benefit of the guests, will afford just the opportunity which numbers of our people are looking for and solve the problem of this summer's vacation.

The primary purpose of the retreat will be physical recuperation, but as a special feature for two days of the season (probably during the first week of July) there will be a Congregational Chautauqua or Conference, with a splendid program of addresses by visitors and residents. The moderator of our state association, Rev. R. C. Brooks, and the new president of the Institute, Mr. C. S. Compton, will be among the speakers.

The school building will accommodate about thirty guests and there are excellent facilities for campers in a grove near by, where a spring of delicious mountain water flows perennially. Further information may be obtained from Rev. J. H. Kimball, San Mateo, California.

W. B. M. P.

The quarterly meeting o fthe Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, will be held at Bethany Church, San Francisco, Bartlett St., near 26th, on Wednesday, April 8. Sessions at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler of the Madura Mission, India, will give addresses. Lunch as usual.

VIRGINIA BUFFORD, Sec.

A WORD IN COMMENDATION.

Editor Pacific: People who love trees and flowers often like to know just where to buy them of those whom they can trust. I have lately had fresh opportunity to prove the merit of the California Nursery Company at Niles and give them a new and hearty commendation besides my patronage for twelve years. This is entirely unsolicited by them They will do to "tie to."

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS,
Saratoga, Cal.

March 23rd.

BLOSSOM FESTIVAL.

Sartoga's Ninth Annual Blossom Festival is planned for next Saturday, March 28th. Round trip tickets from all bay city stations for $2.00, including interurban electric railway ride through the foothills and a carriage drive. Bring basket lunch. Coffee provided. If stormy next Saturday, come first pleasant Saturday.

ALOHA.

THE HOME

HOW TO KNOW A LADY.

I have read many articles purporting to show how a lady may be known. In one of these articles it was asserted that "a lady may be known by her boots;" in another, "that she may be known by her gloves," "by her neck-wear," etc.

A writer, who claimed to be a close observer, said that if you gave him but a glimpse of a woman's handkerchief he would tell you whether or not the owner was worthy to bear the title of lady.

I once heard a gentleman say: "A lady is judged by her laugh."

Again I have heard: "You can tell a lady by her voice, by the care of her hands and nails, and by the letter she writes."

So I began to put these things to the test, and I now tell you the result of my observations:

1.—The Boot Test.

The last seat in the car was taken by a faultlessly attired beauty. She had a pretty foot and wore an elegant shoe, which fitted her perfectly. Then a tired-looking mother, carying a heavy, frolicsome baby, entered the car, and stood holding on to a strap, until a very aged and trembling man—evidently a gentleman—insisted that she take his seat, while he held to the strap. My beauty in the patent leather boots had never thought to offer her seat or to hold the baby for the mother, and I could not help thinking that a lady would be more considerate of the comfort of others.

2—.The Handkerchief and Glove Test.

In a large drygoods store I saw a clerk cross the house to pick up a dainty cambric handkerchief for a customer. The handkerchief was accepted by a hand in a neat kid glove; but the owner did not thank the clerk, nor cast even a grateful or pleasant glance in acknowledgment of the favor she had received. Surely a lady would not be so thoughtless of the little courtesies of life.

3.—The Laugh Test.

I heard a merry, ringing laugh which I would have declared came up from a pure, as well as a happy heart; and I afterwards heard the laugher say to her mother: "It's none of your business who my letters are from." Would a lady speak thus to her mother?

4.—The Voice Test.

I heard a reader give in the sweetest, most musical voice that old but beautiful poem, "Somebody's Mother," and the next day I saw that same reader laugh immoderately at an old woman who fell and scattered her marketing over the pavement. Would a lady be guilty of ridiculing the misfortunes of others?

5.—The Hand Test.

Over the keys of the piano swiftly and gracefully

moved hands that might well serve as models for sculptor or painter, but whose hands, on a bitter cold day, rudely closed the door in the face of a woman who was asking for alms. Can a lady be devoid of feeling for her unfortunate sisters?

6.—The Letter Test.

I once read some letters of faultless rhetoric and pleasing style. They modestly encouraged the attentions of a fond lover; but I learned that the writing of these letters was but the pastime of a heartless flirt. Would a lady be guilty of any such amusement?

Then I concluded that, while a lady should be scrupulously neat in her dress, she should cultivate sweetness of voice and should be able to write an elegant letter. Yet all these qualifications, if combined with selfishness or rudeness, would fail to constitute a lady, for one of the chief characteristics of a lady must be forgetfulness of self and consideration for the wants of others.

A lady is simply the highest type of a woman. She will be gentle and modest, mistress of temper and curiosity. She will know and honor her own place in the social order, as the divinely appointed moulder, teacher and refiner of men; and out of this beautiful and noble place she will not seek to move. To fit herself for her place she will cultivate body and mind; the body in health and vigor, that she may take her share of burdens and be cheerful under them, and that her work in the world shall be fairly done as her hands can do it; and the the mind in knowledge, accomplishments and taste, that she may be a delight and a help in her home. There is a hidden lady in every woman as there is a gentleman in every man, and, no matter how far the actual may be from the possible, a true lady or a true gentleman is always recognized and acknowledged and by this nobility in the human heart.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT.

One of the essential elements in child-training is an example of uncompromising truthfulness. The price a parent pays for any departure from this rule is loss of influence over the child. The gain in dollars means a loss in life, and such accounts can never be balanced.

I remember hearing some one relate a story of a parent who desired her five-year-old boy to begin school, and so he was told to give his age to the teacher as six. When riding on the train, his father gave his age as three.

One day a gentleman asked him his age. He said: "I am five years old at home, three on the train, and six in school." An act like that is little short of crime.

A second requisite in character-building is real sincerity. The practice and the profession must be made to square with each other. In other words, the business transactions on Monday and the daily action in the home must correspond with the religious life on Sunday.

Children never fail in detecting insincerity and sham.

The power of your precepts will never exceed the genuineness of your practice. It is useless for a father to talk temperance to his boy and live tippling before the world. The essential thing is life, not lecturing.

RIGHTS AND RIGHT.

One blustering day in mid-winter a little woman, thinly dressed, hailed a west-bound electric car, and climbed heavily upon the rear platform. She had evidently been laying in a stock of provisions, for a small bag of flour rested against her shoulder, bearing an odd resemblance to a rather shapeless infant, while on her arm was a basket of groceries. The interior of the car was crowded, and, after one glance within, she placed her burden upon the platform and handed her nickel to the conductor, at the same time drawing her faded black shawl closely about her.

"You're going inside, ain't you?" asked the man, evidently surprised at her motion. "There's room enough! I'll make 'em move up."

"No, I guess I won't go in," laughed the little woman. She had one of those faces which poverty and hardship seem powerless to shadow, and the light in her blue eyes was like June sunshine. "You see, I've been carrying that flour, an' it's sifted all over me. If I should go inside, it might get on somebody else."

"But it's cold out here," the conductor urged. "The wind blows freezin'. 'Taint your business to think about their clothes." He spoke with the bitterness that an overworked man instinctively feels toward more prosperous people. "You paid your nickel like the rest of 'em; you've got as good a right inside as any."

"Maybe so," said the little woman, looking rather perplexed. "But somehow it doesn't seem right. Now there's a lady standin's near the door in such a pretty silk dress. If I owned it I wouldn't want it rubbed over with flour. No!" She shook her head determinedly. "I'm obliged to you, but I'll stay out here."

The conductor was silent, but his expression was one of bewilderment. Such a look might a naturalist wear who, after a life spent in research, finds in his own dooryard a species of plant totally unfamiliar.

The passenger on the end seat, hearing the dialogue through a crack of the door, fell into a reverie. What a contrast between the shivering little woman on the rear platform and the majority of us who count ourselves far her superior! How eager we are to get our rights, to exact full recompense for time or labor or money expended! How indifferent we become to the feelings of others, in our determination to gain justice for ourselves! How watchful we are lest we should be defrauded! How suspiciously we view the actions of those like-minded with ourselves!

She was not a philosopher, this little woman in the faded shawl. Perhaps she would have found it as difficult to give herself a logical reason why, although she had "a right" to go as inside passenger, it was not right for her to do so, as in convincing the perplexed conductor. But her heart, wiser than her head, bade her follow a higher law than that recognized in monetary transactions—the law of doing as one would be done by, of gaining through giving, of finding the bliss of possession through the joy of surrender. Quite unconscious of observers, she had acted the truth which some one has beautifully expressed: "One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you can give them up."—Harriet Lummis Smith.

KEEPING HOLD OF THE BOYS.

There were once two boys in a home I know, and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms.

The two boys and their mother had always knelt together for the bedtime prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel, the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered but one sentence: "Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate."

Said the mother, years after, "I consecrated my life to answer that prayer."

Did she have to give up anything? Yes, receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boy's friends needed entertaining.

Embroidered doilies and hand-painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy and the answering of his prayer. "Always give me the first chance to help you, dear," she would say; and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think toward manhood, and so they treat him like a child to be watched and scolded instead of helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as active and self-willed as you often find. But she had a few rules that helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

1. I will work and be patient.
2. I will strive to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of God."
3. No matter what happens I will try to hold my tongue.
4. I will try never to scold and never to reprove or punish in anger.
5. I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy; and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism that says it is not "good form" to display emotion, but the real holding of one's self in hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome steed fast. Control harnesses him to life and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder; he had his days of waywardness and times of unreasonableness, but never a time when he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore trouble, but the first place he turned for help was to the tender, loyal "mother-friend," and he was sure of comfort.

Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on "how to get hold of the boys," she thanks God she has never lost her hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intimate with him, but both have grown more intimate with Christ. Mother, you have no "charge to keep" half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to your trust—

—Christian Work.

The other day an amateur artist was producing some rapid sketches to amuse his children. He drew a sketch of a hen so naturally that when it was afterward thrown in the waste paper basket it laid there.

Young People

A BUSY DAY.

By Carolyn Wells.

My papa has a litle sign
  Printed in black and gray;
It's only just a single line:
  "This is My Busy Day!"

And sometimes when I creep to look,
  He's writing with a pen;
Or quietly reading a book—
  He calls that busy, then!

Why when I'm busy I just race
  Downstairs; then, like as not,
I fly back to the other place
  For something I forgot!

Then I slide down the banisters
  And from the porch I spring
(Perhaps I tumble in the burs)
  Then go and take a swing.

And then I race Jack Smith to town
  Or climb the garden wall;
And though I'm sure to tumble down,
  Nobody minds a fall.

But if I sat in a chair,
  It wouldn't be my way
To say with such important air:
  "This is My Busy Day!"

—St. Nicholas.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

Jack was a real good boy and a prime favorite with teachers and school-fellows — such a willing, good-natured fellow, and such a lot of "go" in him, never shirking his work.

One day he had a difficult sum to work out, and was bending his mind to it, when "Whack!" came the cane over his back.

"Sir, sir," stammered Jack; "what's that for?"

"Nothing in particular, my boy," said the master with another whack, and then another, while he stood smiling at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up.

"Sir, it's not fair not to tell me what I've done wrong,' said he.

"You've done nothing wrong," and down came another whack with the cane.

By this tiem the whole class were on their feet, and rebellion seemed ready, when the stern command came: "Keep your seats!" and unwillingly the boys sat down. All seemed to think the teacher had gone mad. Jack resumed his seat with burning face and smarting shoulders.

Presently the teacher said pleasantly: "I saw you driving your father's horse and cart yesterday, Jack, and was so sorry you had such a wretched horse to drive!"

Jack blurted out: "Our Bob is the best fellow in the place, sir.'

"Ah! then he was lazy, I suppose, yesterday," said the master.

"Not he," said Jack, angrily. His shoulders were bad enough to bear, but to hear Bob abused was more than he would stand. "He's as splendid and willing a little fellow as there is in the district. He never shirks work."

"Ah! is that so?" said the master. "Well, I saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really thought your little horse was going in fine style, when you stood up and slashed him with your whip. He shook his head, when, slash, you went again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his head to look at you, much as you did when you asked me why I gave you the cane cut; but you gave him several more cuts with the whip, though he had a fair load and was doing his level best. You own he is a wiling fellow, always doing his best, so I thought, Jack, that you might be content for me to treat you, my good, obedient pupil, who always tries to please me, in just the same way. Fair play all round, Jack eh?"

Jack dropped his face on his hands down to the desk, and he fairly shook with restrained sobs—big boy as he was; then he stood up.

"I understand your treatment, sir, and I deserve it. I used the whip without thinking about it, and it's quite fair that I should have a taste of what I gave our fine little Bob. I'll beg his pardon when I go home."

"Well done, Jack. Shake hands. Go on with your lessons, boys," said the teacher.

"And I'll remember my lesson, sir," said Jack, with a comical rub on his shoulders; "but it's fair play all round."—Our Fourfooted Friends.

TOO SMALL TO DIVIDE.

The bright-faced little lad who had applied for the position of office boy stood anxiously waiting. The proprietor looked at the young applicant with a gaze half doubtful.

"I wonder whether you expect to engage as a whole boy or half a boy—half a boy, most likely," he said, musingly.

The gray eyes in the freckled face flashed inquiringly wide, and he explained: "Oh, I don't mean to question your having the requisite number of arms and legs; your body's all right; it is your mind I am talking about—your thoughts, wits, memory. I suppose you have a host of schemes and employments of your own that will be a great deal more important than anything here. You are interested in ball games and——"

"Yes, sir; I like ball first rate; but when I am here I'll be all here, and when I am through here I'll be all there. I'll play for all I'm worth in both places, butI ain't big enough to divide."

He gained his place, and he is true to his word; but his opinion of himself is one that might as well be widely adopted. Few of us are "big enough to divide," in the sense of giving only half of our mind to the duty in hand.—Ex.

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